My Ghost My Guest

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/19351030.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Categories:	M/M, Multi
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Will Graham's Dogs, Jack Crawford, Bella Crawford, Jimmy Price, Brian Zeller, Wendigo (Hannibal), Alana Bloom, Beverly Katz, others - Character, Everyone probably
Additional Tags:	Mythical Beings & Creatures, If I'm being honest I'm going off of wiki for Will's beast so have mercy, Courting Rituals, courting rituals will has no idea about, not werewolf, But kinda is, Dark Will Graham, Hannibal Is Interested, kinda sorta, Enemies to Friends to Lovers, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, And Will is super put off, Alternate Universe - Fae, Overprotective Hannibal, Conflicting definitions of courting, multi chapter fic, I love the lab techs ok, Also Alana Bloom trying to be a good friend, When I'm not hating her lol, Will's dogs mean alot, Pack Dynamics, Sigils, What do ya know i still dont know how to write as jack wowie, 1500+ words a chapter, smut in later chapters, or eventually, Love Notes
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-06-25 Updated: 2020-09-05 Words: 12,693 Chapters: 6/?

My Ghost My Guest

by Chemicalclowns

Summary

Save the heralding for the phantoms and fae, save the corpses for the other flesh eaters in the area. He need not succumb to his instincts when kept in check.

The difference here was it was in his territory, in his acres of land. His own personal moor.

It coiled in his stomach like a tape worm.

Or!

Someone is lurking in Will Graham's territory, it's brave and its fast. More importantly it seems all too interested in the side he much preferred to keep secreted away.

(Rated M for future smut but also for canon typical violence)

Notes

Urghh what can I say but I was in a Hannibal mood for a few months but didn't wanna post this because of my legendary 'post then never finish' power move- and I was doing good!

THEN GOOD OMENS HIT

I WILL NEVER BE THE SAME

Anyways, I got a good deal of it done so I hope you guys like it? I know what I wanted to write next so I'll probably get around to it, especially if you guys turn out to like this???

Anyways! If anyone wants to know what exactly Will Is but doesn't wanna spoil the first chapter too much, I'll elaborate in the end chapter notes! (Which for some reason now shows up in every chapter but the first one urghH)

Also pardon my edits after posting- I have no beta //sweats

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

He was awake, though now it hardly felt like it. It always happened to be like this in this form. Floating yet firm on his feet, liquid under chilled skin and hot fur. Normally he could control when he changed, sensing death from far away, a small huff in lu of a piercing howl, never appearing at scenes until the souls were gone. Save the heralding for the phantoms and fae, save the corpses for the other flesh eaters in the area. He need not succumb to his instincts when kept in check.

The difference here was it was in his territory, in his acres of land. His own personal moor.

It coiled in his stomach like a tape worm.

The air stunk of the last shreds of perseverance, the last sliver of fear stretching for miles. So here he was, eyes fiery, his pack at his heels, having followed their alpha out of the cabin door when he flew from his home. The body was gutted, elegantly to the eyes of a human who couldn't see at first glance that the clean cuts were not made from the fine edge of scalpel but that of an impossibly sharp set of claws. The beast was there, hard to see with even his sharp sight but it was there, in the side lines just off from it prey. Its faint rotting smell giving away to its outlined shadow.

The large canine emerged, steps unafraid and steady as he crept through a river that ran through this part of his wood- only half way, never crossing. He couldn't.

The other beast in their shadows flitted back and forth through the line of trees- running?

No.

A predator trying to get the upper hand, seeing who it was they had caught the attention of. Another predator. Perhaps?

Undoubtedly.

The unseen ghost whispered over the canine's black fur, rustling with the wind muttering words into his ears as he caught the black orbs- seeking their silver glint. He licked his maw in greeting. As interesting as they were- his beast wasn't there for them.

His pack reared, splashing around him in procession before he lifted his own jaw, letting out three deafening barks.

"See?" The ghost wavered.

Can't you see?

And he did.

-

Will opened his eyes, naked as the day he was born and laying leisurely on his front porch. His eyes burned from the bright light of day and his joints ached from the tedious activities that took place last night. This part was normal, what wasn't was the fact that he couldn't quite remember dragging himself back home. It had been years since he ran off to the search of a soul but the gap in his memory was disconcerting to say the least.

As was the loud ringing of his cell phone in his home.

He ignored it for now and instead spent a few minutes willing himself the power to sit up, head lolling to the side to see a few of his dogs littered across his field, a few of the napping but most of them running circles in a way that told him it had been daytime for a while; they were hungry and pent up. Well past noon then.

With a groan he managed to turn his legs so they slid down to the steps beside him, a hand coming up to rub through his curls. He had a class to teach that morning, his students surly rejoiced at being given an extra day to finish their papers. In the background he heard his landline begin to ring- Will lifting his other hand to wave away the noise as though it would actually work in shooing it away. He must have put it back on its perch after his last call- unfortunate.

"shhhh" he mumbled, sighing in relief when the noise finally stopped, his headache continuing the ringing long after it hushed. His voicemail beeped to life, the voice of Jack rolling from the machine under his window just when he thought he was safe.

"Will I swear if you don't answer your damn phone I'm going to send patrols to your home-" a pause, a grunt "Pick up god damn it! Not only did you ghost on your class but there's been a murder and what do you know? You're not where you need to be. I'm giving you five minutes before the boys in blue are knocking down your door- if that happens you better be dead!" The line cut and Will's slow groan slid to a small whimper.

He gave himself a couple more minutes, not that he didn't believe Jack's threat, but he just honestly had no energy to get to his feet at the moment. Jack would surely follow through, but he was a busy man, he had a good 20 minutes before he could really start to worry about the cops turning up at his door. For now, he was more interested in the night before.

Not that he hadn't ever seen another being- surely with his life revolving around death he would have crossed a few in his day. Enough, at least, that he had educated himself on the more popular myths. His own breed was hard to pin point- not a werewolf surely. He wasn't uncontrollable, none of his cycles depended on moon phases or the need to spread a disease. What he had was hereditary. But what of that shadow?

Moving his head to rest with his cheek in his palm, he watched his dogs sniff and roam.

Surely not fae. Though he couldn't sense auras of that kind he did sense the stench of death that hung to the other's form. Fae didn't have that. They were earth bound and mischievous, dangerous, though not inherently murderous enough to allow the smell to be embodied on

them. Besides, after a quick head count, all his dogs were accounted for- no blood on his hands, no one tried to attack his pack.

Though his nose wasn't as sensitive in this form, Will could only feel the faint lingering presences of the other. He wasn't here now.

A problem for another day then.

Will gave out a loud whistle and the dogs came running.

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While Jack was less than impressed with his lateness, Will made up for it using his show of 'pure empathy' to lay out a pretty detailed description about what and why this happened. In all honesty if the stench and flux in the air didn't immediately reveal everything to him his sharp eyes surely would have figured out the case in mere minutes. The scene was bloodier and more complicated looking than it actually was. It was the parents who killed their children, the souls long gone but the emotions still clinging to the air. They missed their youth, the freedom, the responsibilities rolling off their shoulders the more they framed the house. Someone left a seed with them surely, but they didn't need that big a push over an edge they already had a one foot dangling off of.

He told Jack so, who looked less red in the face but no less angry.

"The parents?" He mumbled with that tone in his voice that said he needed more convincing.

Will couldn't just say it was instinct, so his eyes zoomed in for something more physical.

"Any photos in the house are of the parents or children, not both, not in the same frame, same places. They left them when they could as young as they could be trusted." Jack raised an eyebrow, mouth opening but was cut off. Will gripped his own nose, trying to heed off the ache. "A blanket was put over the two of them, most likely, but was pulled off- one of them worried about what they did before they washed, rolled the body's in their old blood and left them here like this. Someone they knew, two or more since this is fresh and the bodies were washed- so quickly. Two sets of hands. It was a school night and while these houses aren't close this is a neighborhood by the middle school- someone would have come fourth if they saw someone walking around last night if they thought it out of the ordinary. You've been here all day- you heard anything?"

Will looked at a set of agents to his left, who had been ease dropping rather blatantly instead of taking photos and picking up markers like they had been doing when he walked in. They looked at each other but only let out a negative when Jack also looked on expectantly.

Jack shook his head in a mixture of disbelief and his usual amount of priss.

When Will was dismissed he tried not to ask about the second-hand cancer wafts he smelled on Jack's cuffs. Bella wasn't getting better it seemed.

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Will didn't think of his shadow for a few days. After his cautionary survey of his moor he found the smell of not only the murder, but the creature as well, faded until he couldn't recall its exact taste after being exposed to at lease one other corpse before their meeting. His own canine prowled in the back of his mind already thinking of the next corpse, the next soul they might be able to ferry. Perhaps the taste of flesh if given the chance. Their meeting was inconsequential. It wanted to move on.

That is until the smell returned a week later. He could smell it from his bedroom, wafting in from his open window. He could feel the creeping of a figure circling the forest edge.

He didn't bother leaving his bed.

The figure returned almost nightly at that point, the smell becoming so strong on his property that during his free time during the day he could make out the undertones. Light fruits with little taste: dragon and star fruit. A barely-there tang that threatened to make the rotting smell sweet.
Will never bothered to change forms for them, which after nine days he figured that's what they were looking for.

He thought back to the soul he crossed before.

Can't you see?

He wanted to see and be seen.

Will on the other hand did not share the same urge.

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Night thirteen the smell was lingering but not strong.

They weren't there, and so Will got his first restful sleep in quite a while.

He dreamed of yellow dragon fruit and idly wondered why it wasn't pink.

-

The next afternoon saw Will spirted off to a crime scene. He tried his best to evade it for as long as he could- let the smells evaporate, for the soul to leave the body behind. But he was only able to evade Jack for so long, this particular murder putting him more on edge than he normally was. Today he wasn't graced with a phone call but a gripping hand forcing him here.

He could see why there was a rush.

A body laid out nude for the world to see, laid gently upon animal skins, fur brushing the pale body, no blood to be seen but also no organs. The core of the women was laid bare for the world to see, her arms curved up to be leisurely stretched out, neck thrown to the side.

But what made this interesting to Will was the smell.

All too familiar.

"Every organ in her torso is missing from what we can see," Jack was standing to his side, facing to the left but his eyes not helping but look upon the victim. Her brown hair perfectly placed, eyes closed with ease. Had a blanket been laid over her, to him, she might've looked like she was taking a nap here in the field. "Not a speck of blood on her." He gestured aimlessly to her where her stomach might have been hours ago. "He stuffed her full of flowers, up her throat."

"To make it smell more appealing." Will mumbled, Price looking up from where he was slowly lifting the women's fingers, trying to press them for their prints. He paid him no mind. Will was too focused on the bouquet of Anemone, Anthurium and Aster. "Someone's sending out a letter"

Jack turned to him, the ridges in his forehead bunching up. "If you have something to say, say it louder, Will. Now isn't the time to play the fuck around."

"The flowers," Price peeped up, Will's eyes finally moving to him, causing him to tense up a little. Price and he hadn't ever gotten along per say, but Will always suspected it was more due to the fact that whenever they saw each other one was taking prints off some dead person while the other spoke openly and morbidly of their death.

Price paused before moving over to point to the wide leafed flower first- "Anthurium for hospitality, happiness and a lot of it- uh-" he moved to the Aster "Patience, love maybe? And the purple one means they might feel betrayed? Maybe anticipation?" When Zeller joined in staring at Price he smiled and chuckled a bit. "I like bees." As if that meant anything.

Jack looked to Will who gave a vague shrug. He didn't know about those types of things, but it'd do well to just agree as if he did. What he did know was the anticipation in the air, in his

minds eye the victim's fear clinging to the body more so than the smell of the flowers. She was alive when a lot of this happened if the sheer intensity of it all meant anything. It was a typical occurrence, he suspected one that was normal given the fierceness he witnessed the other day. It seemed as though his visitor was getting restless.

'Can't you see?' Whispered again in the back of his mind. He scratched at his ear.

"They bashed her head in, just enough to not break the skin, she tumbled but didn't die. You'll find she died of disembowelment, she was probably killed when it happened. He poised her. She had to be perfect, she was close enough to the real thing, or as close as he could get on short notice. This wasn't planed."

"Where's her guts then?"

"He ate them." He hadn't meant to say it, but the hunger was palatable around him. Whatever his guest had hoped to cover up with those flowers were fruitless. His nose was attuned to the end- to winter not spring.

His guest wanted to be seen but it appeared he didn't quite know who it was he was dealing with. He saw him once, never again. Saw his home and his pack, his territory. Thought these flowers would do the trick. He thought he was a werewolf.

Will tssked. "Tasteless." He mumbled.

Probably not the right thing to say in front of his boss.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

The fingers stretched, pushing forward through his fur.

He could feel small trains of blood welling up through the skin on his neck from the claws, not deep enough to be worrying. He wasn't being attacked, he was being petted.

Chapter Notes

Okay so this is probably the smallest chapter I wrote? I wanna say???

Anyways we get more wendigo viewingsss and some fluff... Kinda???

Hell yeah

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jack had attempted to crowd Will into his office, of that he was sure there would have been something he didn't appreciate on the other side of the door. So, he evaded, the best he could. Which was to say, was done with a great deal of precision and expertise only done through 34 years of experience.

His visitor still visited nightly, a silent passenger to his pack, his own personal voyeur. He was tempted to shift before him, show him who he was but he kept himself in check. He kept a mantra in the back of his mind, hushing his beast with a soothing voice- *stay hidden, let them wither and slide away into his shadow.*

Obviously, this didn't yield the outcome he wanted. Eventually his shadow started scratching at the trees, he could hear him in the middle of the night, taking his claws and drawing. In the morning he could see symbols precisely made and slowly growing to encircle his home. He didn't recognize them and when his hackles rose from the disruption to his territory, he gave in to curiosity. He ended up falling down a rabbit hole full of mythical beast posts online- apparently it was quite popular among other types of beings to leave marks- all for different reasons, several he was sure were completely made up, none that matched his.

His dogs seemed unbothered. Will on the other hand found himself alert through the nights, fighting with himself over if he should go out and confront the monster or tear down his trees at the first sign of daybreak.

-

In the end Will was able to keep from interactions for little over a month. A month of something unrecognizable coiling in his stomach. Until finally one day he found he was floating again. Shooting himself out of bed at the sudden feeling.

The fog that consumed him a month prior started building up around him. The pressure pressing him into submission as he walked down the stairs in a daze. It was close, so close in fact that his dogs were roused, yipping and clawing at the floorboards near the front door- a small poodle mix he had rescued a year prior jumped up on the back of his ratty couch to stare out the front windows.

He didn't stop moving out the door, not to calm his pets, though he was able to spare enough attention to let out a small warbled growl- perhaps not comforting but still got them to retreat from the door, keeping them firmly behind the wood this time when he exited.

Outside his eyes snapped to the soul in the field, the moment their attention was caught a deep wail was let loose. The fog overcame his body, his bones moving languidly, snapping, replacing, moving to where they needed. Paws replaced hands, his dark fur replacing his skin in wisps. Blue eyes bled out into red though never leaving the quivering thing before him.

While the smoke around him faded it still coiled around his steps. His weight crunching the long grass and gravel between them- bypassing the corpse that he hadn't noticed before to be laying almost on his front steps. Inconsequential for now though in the back of Will's mind he knew he would have to figure out what exactly to do about it later. He wasn't sure if he wanted Jack to invade his space, turn fingers to him. Zeller would jump at the chance to be rid of him as it was.

For now, he stood before the ghost.
He could feel his final emotions run through him, surprisingly there was no fear there. Quiet confusion. A small mantra of worries over time, over if he'd make it in time, was he late? Was someone following him?

His death was quick and fresh. He'd be stuck here for a while if Will hadn't gotten here first. Hours of wandering if he hadn't decided to become something else. Unfortunately, his fog wouldn't over take it, a small shield invisible to him.

A lip curled as he finally tore his eyes from the being- tracking back to the corpse. Gutted, yes, but this time long claw marks pierced down from their chest and its head was missing. Beside it stood his shadow, tall and dominating. No longer hiding.

See?

It seemed his visitor finally figured out the correct letter to send to catch his attention.

Will's fiery eyes tracked its body, finally seeing it in the light of the moon- it's body far taller than Will's meager 5'7 when he stood on his own two feet. Joints popping out all wrong, spine prodding out in sharp edges. The long claws he had recognized from his previous victims, the women and his trees, hung black as night- as the rest of him was, low to the ground from his too long arms. Matching perfectly well with his too large antlers.

Seeing him now Will no longer wondered why he hadn't guessed this particular creature before. While it was native it was almost unheard of a wendigo to play with its prey.

Will let out a soft growl, tilting his head.

The creature knew him if this particular calling card said anything. Which it did- mauling a body this way was a traditional ritual to call to his Barghest. Though, that was to say not many people knew that and this was the first time Will experienced this firsthand. He found he couldn't leave if he wanted to for the moment like a small leash was tied to him, an invisible fence it was tied to keeping him tethered to this spot.

The wendigo's silver glinted eyes tracked to where Will had been looking at the soul- surely it was still there though he had no doubt the other monster didn't take notice- it wasn't in their nature. Slowly though they finally met Will's own eyes- the smell of the dragon and star fruit slowly perking up as if to remind Will he was there.

Long, boney legs arched forward, taking a long step, tilting its head to take a better look at Will's form- body jerking this way and that in a manner that made him think of a skeleton lurching on strings for a moment before the distance was suddenly closed and it stood right before him.

Sharp teeth prodded out, the skin stretching over them in what he would only assume was a smile- the large hands coming up to either side of Will's law. His visitor wasn't the only large thing in this field, his maw large enough to fill the inhumanly large hands, a huff blowing out his ashen smoke in warning. A warning which the other replied with a tight squeeze. A warning of his own.

The fingers stretched, pushing forward through his fur.

He could feel small trains of blood welling up through the skin on his neck from the claws, not deep enough to be worrying. He wasn't being attacked, he was being petted.

The wendigo pressed forward until their flat stomach was threatening to press into his nose, forcing him to look up into the other's eyes. With the skin on the other's face pulled so tight he couldn't tell what emotion hung there. Though up this close he could see the small feathers that were almost hidden from the distance before. They clung to the other's shoulders like a too thin scarf.

They stood like that for several minutes, the silence finally being broken by the barks of his dogs behind his door but then the wendigo vanished. Darted off so fast Will couldn’t track him with his eyes, but he could follow his smell back to the woods.

He could move again at last.

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What the actual hell was that?

Chapter End Notes

Ahhh okay so the whole corpse thing. On the wiki it mentions that chopping the head off a fresh corpse is the only way to like 'summon' creatures like Will. I imagine so long as the heads around (or something like they 'release him') then hes stuck in place.

I was hoping to date this in a way I could post automatically tomorrow but it turns out that's not what the 'publication date' function is for.

Unfortunate.

Anyways I love Kudos but I live for comments!

As always you can find me as @chemicalclowns on twitter!

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

> *“Well, Will, I still feel like you should talk with someone, if not him then someone else. I’d hate for you to look one day and realize you can’t find your way home. It doesn’t have to be a psychologist,” a slight pause “- or me, if you don’t want to. But everyone out there needs someone to share their lives with.”*

Chapter Notes

> Huge shout out to DaringD who suggested several awesome titles and showing me a new song that they thought reminded them of this fic.
>
> FYI "In the Woods Somewhere" by Hozier is now this fics one and only soundtrack thank you and goodnight.
>
> Anyways I might take their advice and edit the chapter titles because um, wow, they were so smart and helpful??? But yes this chapter may or may not be called 'bone exposed' in the future lolll
>
> Also if you see any funky grammar I'm sorry I still do this alone (no beta), and kinda for funsies but mostly I blame that I just was too tired to thoroughly comb through this chapter for mega mistakes le whoops

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next morning saw Will in a puddle of aches and pains once more. Though, at least this time around he was able to pull himself into his bed before he had collapsed. Once the wendigo vanished he was able to ferry the soul away with relative ease, sating the ache in his core that wouldn’t uncoil until it was done. Though that wasn’t to say he felt happy about the turn of events. It wasn’t until the sun rose that he realized that blood had been swiped down his neck and flanks the night before, soaking him in the smell of the body he had left in his yard, and no matter how hard he scrubbed in the shower he couldn’t seem to rid himself of it. Surely, it’d follow him for the rest of the day.

And as he predicted, it definitely did. While he was surprised to see the body was gone from his steps, he found the smell was spread around his field, upon further inspection, more smears were placed over the little sigils the wendigo had carved into his nearest trees.

Though he did let the dogs out, he didn't let them wander too far before he hurried to Quantico.

While he wanted to call out sick, he just had to get away from the odor of the other and he couldn't imagine a better place to do that than an hour's drive away into a room filled with the familiar smells of anxious trainees and mothballs.

-

He taught his morning classes then forwent leaving the room for lunch, opting for staying cooped up in his own space and taking the time to research his new friend with renewed fervor.

He had just found a page detailing the change and behavior of the monster when he heard the snap of heels hitting the floor, ending in front of him at his desk. When he didn't acknowledge her presence, a soft hand came over his laptop screen, gently pressing it shut.

Alana Bloom stared back at him with her understanding brown eyes. The waves of soft brown hair flowing down to grace at her red flowered wrap dress.

"Will." She hummed, head tilting down a little before sighing when he didn't reply right away. "Jack was hoping to introduce you to someone the other day, I heard you ran away."

"I felt as though I wouldn't like who was on the other side of that door." Will replied honestly, adjusting his glasses and effectively averting his eyes from her. Alana Bloom was... he supposed a friend. It was hard to make most arguments sound right when she was the one he fought off against. She was the gentle motherly hand on his shoulder whereas Jack was the hard snake wrapped around his wrist. You can argue with the snake; yell all you want at it till your blue in the face and bitten to hell, but god forbid he grew the balls to yell at his mother.

"All he wanted to do was introduce you to a colleague of mine. He's very kind, understanding…"

"A physiatrist?" He sounded affronted.

She took a paced breath, dipping her head to try and catch his eyes once again. "Just someone to talk to. You know what looking at these things can do to you. To anyone. " At the flex of Will's jaw, she pressed on. "Jack said you mentioned something troubling at a crime scene again the other day. He's just worried. I think he just wants you to have options on how to deal with things."

He knew he had slipped up back then. He grunted, brushing a hand up over his forehead, fingertips dipping into his curls. "I wasn't feeling like myself."

"Who were you feeling like?"

His blue eyes flashed to hers immediately. “I was *tired*, Alana.”

He could see she didn’t feel convinced. Somewhere he knew he didn’t seem normal to her and he tried not to let that hurt a little. “Well, Will, I still feel like you should talk with someone, if not him then someone else. I’d hate for you to look one day and realize you can’t find your way home. It doesn’t have to be a psychologist,” a slight pause “- or me, if you don’t want to. But everyone out there needs someone to share their lives with.” She gave a small nod before turning on her heel and strutting back to the door. “Jack asked me to have you go to the morgue.”

She slipped it in there- Will knew it was because if she had started with that line he would have been the one walking away.

-

Price, Zeller and Katz were waiting for him along with Jack in the morgue. When he entered the room, Jack was standing with his back to the coolers; Will imaged the silver handles digging into his lower and upper back but Jack didn’t seem to mind, focus primarily on the new body on the table, knuckles pressed to his lips.

Price tried to meet his eyes in the telling way that said he was trying to play nice meanwhile Katz stood leaning over the body, gently turning wrists this way and that, a clipboard laying next to the blue fingers as she looked back and fourth between her notes and the corpse- she did look up once with a small smirk before going back to work. “About time Graham, it was getting stuffy in here with all this brooding silence.” She quipped, Jack rose his eyes- Zeller never made a move to even recognize Will was in the room. Typical of all four of them.

A grunt sat on his tongue, the idea of what he might say to Jack about his conversation with Alana curled in his stomach but for now he zeros in on the body.

It was the one from the night before.

The head wasn’t with it which would have seemed more concerning if not for the fact that it was even *here* at all.

“It was found across the street from Quantico, sitting on the bench in the park.” Jack shifted his weight, taking another moment before raising his eyes to look at Will. “What do you see?”

“Where’s the head?” Will asked, partially from having nothing else to say and partially to give himself a moment to think how he was going to play through this. He couldn’t exactly tell them he’d seen this body before and did nothing about it. Well, nothing but go to bed.

“I was hoping you’d have a guess about that, Will.”

He shifted his eyes to Jack who finally lowered his hand from his face, fingers scraping at his knuckles. He could practically taste how nervous he was- closely followed by anger. Someone encroached too close to his territory and Jack didn't like it.

Instead of poking anymore he looked back to the body and stared for a few moments in what he hoped was the same manner as when he felt the air of a corpse for the first time. It wasn't the same now that he knew exactly what happened to him let alone met the soul personally.

So, he focused on why he was found on a bench across from his job.

"He's trying to get to know someone."

Price shifted his weight, his plastic shoes squeaking against the tile. Jack said nothing.

"The same person he sent the letter to." His voice was measured. He knew he couldn't keep certain information from the forensic team for too long considering the method of how the head was cut off or the more obvious sign of being laid out for the world to see. They'd know soon enough how long the body was dead and certainly that it had been moved.

That gained a reaction. "This is the same killer as the flower corpse?"

"He was watching."

"With no head?" Katz piped in with a mumble. When Will looked to her he could see the side of a small smirk as she turned her back to the two of them, she probably saw Jack's brow wrinkle in her minds eye as the words left her mouth.

"So, we have a killer with a crush?" Jack shook his head, hands sliding to rub down the sides of his pants, he paused mid turn, eyes flashing to Will. "Are you saying the person they're watching is related to the FBI? A student? Agent?"

"Likely, I doubt he put the body there to tell us to find him faster. There has to be a reason."

Shaking his head, Jack paced to a table off to the side of the room, quiet for now as he looked at what Will could only assume were the notes and files on this body. He doubted they I.D'd the Doe yet but it was only a matter of time. They'll find he was a bit of a recluse- kind but not overtly friendly. He worked at a rundown library, the place slowly loosing out to the one the small college built a few blocks away. Only parents with wandering children visited there and he was good with both. He had few friends who didn't visit often, but Will doubted the file would mention how he didn't think of them in his final moments- just about how he worried his sister would never find him.

"Can you take a guess who he might be tailing, Will?" He said after a few minutes, Katz moving on down to the torso and Price having moved on to check the computer, announcing to them that he was checking on the finger prints.

"I can but it'd be only a guess Jack."

"Your guesses tend to be pretty reliable if we're going off your track record."

“He um..” Will had to rub at his eyes, stress seeping into his skin at this whole situation. Jack tracked the movement with a glance over his shoulder. “This person holds some kind of intelligence if the killer expected them to know how to interpret this.” He vaguely gestured to the metal table. “They probably spend a lot of their time at Quantico- they wanted them to know he knew their routine. Getting to know them. Taking an interest. Perhaps a student or someone who works for the FBI, I doubt they felt this place important enough to point out to a janitor or a mailman. Respecting boundaries, though, if you guys found him in the park and not… on the steps.” Another harsh rub to his eyes and he knew if he continued like this he’d bruise them. Very unlike his experience from last night- the wendigo had no problem spreading his prey like a house warming gift at his front door. It serves a different purpose now than it did then.

“This won’t be the last killing Jack. I’m sure he’s going to leave little notes here and there, make sure he’s not forgotten.”

“So not a mailman is all you have for me? We have a serial killer out there Will, don’t beat around the bush then tell me he’s going to hit again!” his voice reverberated against the metal in the room and all three of the techs looked up from their stations. Jack had the good grace to turn his head back to the files in shame before carrying on in voice more appropriate for a morgue. “Is there a chance it’s an agent?”

“Yes.”

He could see him give a small nod before letting out a sigh, turning to check on Price, seeing him give a minute shake of the head. No hit on the prints then.

“Will.” Jack leaned in his direction as he said this- “Me and you are going for a ride.”

-

Will had never liked being a passenger in cars. He didn’t like not being in control, not knowing for *sure* where it was, they were going. But mostly he didn’t like not having something to distract himself with. Without the excuse of keeping his eyes on the road he worried how he sat, where his hands rested and if it was particularly rude that he much preferred silence than a forced conversation being that they were in a moving car- even if Will was hiding a beast, he was still particularly fleshy and he highly doubted he could jump out of a federal agent’s vehicle, going way too fast mind you, and walk away with his neck fully intact. Not to mention Jack would probably stop the car anyways.

But god did he need a distraction. Right now, he was thinking of a way to get home as soon as possible and hose off his front porch. He had been in such a rush to leave that morning that

he hadn’t spared a glance at whatever evidence was left on his front lawn. The trees were well hidden and wouldn’t be suspicious if it wasn’t for some large puddle of blood soaking FBI agent's steps. Blood that matched some victim in Quantico. God forbid his guest decided to leave him the head.

No. He should know his kind well enough by now that they didn’t appreciate gifts like that. At the very least the legends online mentioned it. They didn’t take offerings and they didn’t dance. Besides he hadn’t bothered with a romantic note this time. By comparison it was a yellow sticky memo saying *’I missed you dear, see you soon.’*.

Jack coughed, in a way that told Will it wasn’t the first time he had been trying to get his attention. At this he realized they were already parked in front of an innocent looking building and up until this point Will had been so lost in his thoughts, he had closed his eyes to concentrate on them. If he was being honest it had been weirdly therapeutic- or maybe that word only popped into his head by default being that as they walked up to the side door there was a small signage for one ‘Hannibal Lecter M.D – Therapeutic services.’.

“Is this really necessary Jack?”

All he got in response was a flippant- “Don’t worry, I won’t leave you here.” Though the way he said it had a palpable ‘yet’ at the end of it.

Inside was nicely decorated though considerably barren and noticeably small- while Will got distracted by the smells coming from the small loveseat, Jack settled his hands on his hips, giving a small turn when his initial jiggle of the handle to the only other door yielded no results. His eyes settled on the small black orb camera in the corner.

Will had pieced together that they had entered an exit the moment he had entered the tiny room, though he chose to let Jack simmer- eyes ticking to the impeccably kept floor instead and wondering how he couldn’t detect any treads from the obvious years this room had been in use.

They had probably ended up only spending a handful of minutes standing around, Jack eventually turning to Will and, what he assumed, was about to tell him to behave himself, when the door finally clicked open.

-

Will didn’t even have to force himself to ignore their host outright- it came like second nature to him, walking past him like he was a ghost the moment they were let in. The patient who had been trying to leave at the exact same moment was ushered out with what Will could assume was a pleasant expression to pair with the foreign accent that expressed an almost honest, but definitely polite, apology.

Jack took it upon himself to start a silent conversation.

Will imagined raised eyebrows, heard the shuffle of Jack's sleeve when he gestured in his direction. To Dr. Lecters credit he didn't jump right into a confrontation and instead took a diplomatic route (not so very original to psychiatrist) and allowed Will to roam the outer edges of his office. He hadn't really meant to move as far as the walls would allow him but well…. Happy coincidences.

He had hoped the long span of quiet would bother Dr. Lecter as much as Will knew it did with Jack. He knew as he inspected the large windows with mild interest, he was already rubbing his forehead- walking to the ladder and his hands were gripping his hips in that *stance* he always took when he was frustrated or wanted to take up space. By the time he was at the loveseat against the wall, Jack had relocated to one of the chairs in the center of the room.

And while Will would love to admit he did this to annoy Jack into letting him off the hook- because he would have loved a scenario where this would have worked, he was actually inspecting the room with far more attention than he let on. He could see that although the windows were locked and the long curtains were dusted with care, that they were frequently opened, tiny little scratches taking hold no matter how much they were wiped down. With a glance of his eyes he could see how polished the wood of the ladder was, what books it was surrounded by- several in other languages he didn't understand, a couple in what he guessed might have been German, but knew all were both old and cherished what with the smell of glue and lack of dusty aroma. No, the ones barely touched were on the landing above him.

By the time he was at the loveseat he knew he smelt something faint- something he would have expected an abundance of had he not been brooding trying to put an incriminating label on this man, anything to throw at him by the time the Doctor might've decided to break the silence. No. For an office as secluded like this he'd have expected to smell distress that came from those with depression, someone who had a family member die, someone who almost died themselves or still might, all the kinds of trauma an expensive therapy would offer the answers to. Second hand these weren't smells that normally lingered but places like hospitals, cemeteries- therapist offices. They accumulated over the years.

Will glanced down, turning back to the ladder in a pace and eyeing the floors more acutely this time. For someone who wipes down window latches, dusts curtains, glues back together cherished books and polishes the wood on his office ladder- it seemed odd how he didn't do the upkeep on his hardwood floors well enough that he had to replace them so recently. This place was lived in enough that he had to have been here for years. Carpet used to be here- Will was sure of it.

"Not fond of eye contact?"

"Eyes are distracting, see too much, don't see enough."

He finally gave this doctor a look, eyes searching him for something he hadn't noticed out of the corner of his eye. He made quick work of his grey suit and paisley tie- one custom-made for sure, and the other bought for more than Will probably spent in food for his pack in a month. So many mouths to feed and *well*, didn't come cheap. He did notice though that

behind his perfectly placed dusty blond locks and pressed suit was someone who was fit. Despite being closer to 50 than Will was to 40- he could easily tell that he'd probably be no match to him in his person suit.

"No effective barriers?"

Will looked to Jack, who by this point was leaning forward with interest. His eyes were glued to him at first with curiosity and then with a challenge.

"No barriers against the things that come naturally in the confines of your skull." The good doctor continued.

"Please-" he clipped, Will's fingers once again gripping the base of his nose. "- don't psychoanalyze me. You wont like me when I'm psychoanalyzed. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go give a lecture on psychoanalyzing." He didn't for at least another hour and a half but with the smells in the room conflicting what his animal brain was telling him on top of strangers picking at his head. It was too much. Too much strange ground and not enough time to think let alone defend himself against an impromptu therapy session. At least not with the knowledge that there was a dead body sitting at the morgue crawling on his skin since they left Quantico.

Without so much as looking at the other two Will turned and left the room- exiting through the entrance.

Chapter End Notes

I think I wanted to separate this chapter into two.. because it was already at 1900 WC for this section- but for some reason I felt leaving a cliff hanger at Jack saying to Will "we're gonna take a ride" would have been a bit lame and severely anti-climatic so alas here I am with the 'official' first meeting TADA. I'm not sure how well it works what with Alana in the beginning but I kinda threw together them meeting kinda quick being that there wasn't too much to buffer in between other than Jack harking on Will in the waiting/exit area.

Anyways this is where we get caught up with what I have. If you have any suggestions I'm always open to hear them!

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

In the light from his window he pulled the only evidence he had left- a small piece of wood, it had one of the strange symbols cut into it and he idly ran his thumb over the ridges.

Outside the trees had small identical right angles cut into them.

His guest didn't return that night.

Chapter Notes

I cannot fully explain how long I worried over this chapter. Literal months guys.

I actually had this finished forever ago- like days after the last chapter was published but the day I went back to edit it my computer deleted it! This is why I never trust auto save- its lying guys! It doesn't save.

So yeah this is a rewrite of what I remember after I hid from this for months and I'm sorry it sucks ahh the original was so good oh goddd

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will had begun to walk the opposite direction from the way Jack had driven them there, then because he didn't want the awkward situation of having Jack Crawford pulling up to him on the street as he waited for a ride, he decided to take several back roads. Eventually getting lost in the small but rather upscale community, Will found himself a street sign to sit under and effectively called himself a taxi. He was somewhat glad for the walk being that when he originally stormed his way out of Lecter's office, he had intended to get himself home as soon as possible and while the feeling of the cold water of anxiety washed over his arms and back- his instincts eventually lost to him actually thinking things through.

This was the second time he blew off Jack Crawford- this time in front of company. Will wouldn't really put it past him to storm his way into his classroom- god forbid he missed the class and Jack made an appearance at his doorstep instead.

His body let out an involuntary shake and Will was glad no one was around to see how he hung his head low and cradled his arms in an effort to calm himself down.

-

The taxi ride and the subsequent class flew by him without too much though. While he felt like he was two seconds away from bursting, instead of the guttural reaction of making a fool of himself his body went on auto drive. He remembered paying the cabbie with way too much change and telling his students the dates for exams were moved up but not much else. Before he knew it the end of class had come- the second the digital clock on his computer clicked to 5:30 he dismissed the group with a snap of his laptop and a nod of his head. If any of them had questions they didn't make a move to ask them.

-

Will can't explain the feeling he experiences returning home at the end of the day. He's not exactly human so he can't equate all his feelings with perfect descriptors or examples to what he assumes others who look like him might feel. Or even if its anything worth explaining.

It's like something in his dog brain tells him every time he leaves, he'd never return, like every time he hears his dogs or smells his dirt it was going to be the last time and oh the feeling of relief when it's there. *It's still there*, he'd mentally sigh. Home didn't leave and the little crunches of the gravel up by his steps didn't vanish suddenly while he was away.

He honestly hadn't felt that pure relaxation in weeks.

His front steps were luckily bare of any splatter, but his gravel hadn't gotten off so easily. Where once a green and grey patch of area had been now held the company of one gruesome looking brown stain- it hung to the blades of grass like he'd imagine paint did- clinging the blades down in heavy wilts.

The air in his lungs felt heavy as he swiftly gathered his shovel. Will Graham hadn't ever been one for yard work. The idea of it itched at him wrong. Honestly beyond cutting grass for appearances sake, the outside of his home looked very bit the same it did when he bought it years ago- albeit more aged and with more dog prints.

He began the process of upturning the dirt, rotating it out with the fresher bits far below it- then to make it look less suspicious he did the same thing all the way to where it connected to his 'driveway'. Finished with that his eyes snapped to the pitiful shrubbery at the base of his steps. There were only two little withering things sitting there- years of living with dogs didn't do them well but with his eyes set on them now the only thing he could see was the boy's head- hidden away and in wait.

After breaking up the roots with his shovel he paid no mind to the tearing of his palms as he pulled each shrub up and disposed of them to the side of his house. A small part of his brain knew it might have been overkill but he wanted them gone and having fresh fish in his fridge was a good reason for a bonfire.

It was getting dark by now, if his guest was coming it would be soon. He always seemed to appear just after it became too dark to see without the lights of his house. Glancing up to his porch the noises of his pack whining finally hit him- they'd probably been at it since the moment he'd gotten home, paws scratching marks into the wood door. He considered releasing them now that the blood was gone but his feet felt too heavy to move. Even with the main source of his trouble gone things still felt... wrong.

He glanced to the shack off behind his house and to the little stump with an old rusty hatchet that'd been stuck there since he first saw the house... Will hadn't ever had a use for it; the stump never bothered him, and he had his own, much larger, axe for any wood he needed to chop. But looking at it now he imagined the old couple who lived here before him.

He owned most of their furnishings including the couch and the bed post. In a small bout of curiosity he had looked them up after moving in and he's often thought about them and how easily he had followed their lives through the internet. The most famous couple in the area really, he was a motocross champion in the '60s and his wife- she painted. Although it was never mentioned in an interview, being this was well into their retirement, Will imagined the husband moving here for his wife. He gave her this nice little farmhouse in return for all those years he put her through traveling and living in the city. A painter in the countryside with her husband who chopped wood to keep her warm.

He wondered if that made up for all the years she lost.

Will wasn't sure how long he stared before he decided to go over to the stump but feeling the rusty handle dig into his fingers felt good with the thought of making his territory utterly his again.

-

Hours later Will sat awake in his bed, all but one dog sleeping soundly in a huddle around him- he could feel the moment he opened the door to greet them that they were worried- while half decided to relieve themselves the others licked at his cut-up fingers to hopefully translate how they concerned they had been for him.

They seemed much less concerned when he fed them fire roasted fish and even less so when he let them sleep in the big bed with him.

In the light from his window he pulled the only evidence he had left- a small piece of wood, it had one of the strange symbols cut into it and he idly ran his thumb over the ridges.

Outside the trees had small identical right angles cut into them.

His guest didn’t return that night.

Chapter End Notes

Just in case it wasn't obvious he cut out those marks the wendigo put on his trees.

As always your comments keep me going and you can find me as @Chemicalclowns on Twitter- feel free to tag me or send me a DM loll

Also I've been reading more hanigram fics again and the urge to write a Beetlejuice inspired fic is so strong??? I blame the like two songs I actually like from that musical and the marathon I had with the movie on Halloween.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Structurally speaking this wendigo was a better suited predator than he was. From all the articles he read these things were born to hunt down anything breathing- hell not even born.. they were made with that mission in mind and from what Will had seen from personal experience with his new friend, they seemed to enjoy every bit of it.

Barghest in comparison were more like a guard dog- as appalled as he was to admit it. His arsenal was very limited from his short knowledge of his own species.

Chapter Notes

Okay so- hahaha... So I actually have the next chapter finished but I was so stuck on this one and if I wanted to change it or not because I wanna be honest I wanna get to the GOOD SHIT ya know? So sorry if this feels rushed I really am trying to stop this from being too long of a slow burn (because that's how i write unfortunately)- good news though! Hannibal is finally up front and center in the next chapter and I'll probably post it immediately? The wait is O.V.E.R.

That being said this is a short chapter at only 1470 words //cries

See the end of the chapter for more notes

His nails picked at the chunk of wood in his coat pocket the whole way to the airport- while the local killer was still unspoken for, the FBI couldn't be bothered to sit around on their asses and hope other killers wouldn't rise up in the meantime. Will had always enjoyed the aspect of his job that kept him busy, he was a creature of habit and while he didn't like to diverge from his routine, his animal was the kind who liked the steady hand on the back of his neck keeping him from having too much of his own free time. He wasn't ashamed to admit to himself he liked to not have to be the one to make decisions.

That being said he wasn't exactly jazzed when he was called away so soon after ripping out the marks his visitor left him. Being called to Minnesota felt very much the same as cursing out a parent then rushing off to school- yeah he felt good about it but the more time away he spent the more he was questioning why he did what he did and if it was worth it.

God he hoped it was worth it.

Structurally speaking this wendigo was a better suited predator than he was. From all the articles he read these things were born to hunt down anything breathing- hell not even born.. they were made with that mission in mind and from what Will had seen from personal experience with his new friend, they seemed to enjoy every bit of it.

Barghest in comparison were more like a guard dog- as appalled as he was to admit it. His arsenal was very limited from his short knowledge of his own species.

Will blinked to clear his head- trying to place his mind back to what was going on right now. He needed to compartmentalize. Not only would it calm his nerves, but it'd make the time go by much faster if he could just focus.

They were in Minnesota because of a series of disappearances. The local police were doing their best to handle it, but the fact of the matter is when the killer crossed state lines and replaced the poor college girl back into her bed, well, it became an FBI case. With a profile like this Jack figured it was right up his departments alley and what with Will being less than useful with their own killer knocking on their own back door- this seemed like a good chance to cleanse his palate.

Currently he was standing in the bedroom of one Elise Nichols. The body had already been moved, no department in their right mind would leave the body for more hours than they needed to, even if the FBI was on their way with a profiler who almost exclusively worked with fresh scenes. In lu of a body he held detailed photos in the manila folder he was handed upon arrival at the airport- still dazed from the medication he had taken to sleep his way through the long flight and his mind jumbled with worry over his property, he honestly hadn't given them much look until now.

Glancing about the room he couldn't scent anything he'd normally find at a crime scene but that was expected- she wasn't killed here so using his particular gifts wouldn't really be an option. Thank god his wasted so much money on college then.

The photo showed her resting in bed, hair laid gently and clothes free of creases. Her family was elated to walk into her room that morning to find her there, one because they hadn't seen their out of state college student in months but also that she had already been missing for 48 hours and for all intense and purposes she seemed to have stumbled home, showered, and crawled into bed safe and sound. She looked comfortable in her resting place, so it wasn't until they touched her cold body, they realized the truth. The killer had taken such care to bring her home and tuck her underneath all the covers available, he even seemed to had brushed her hair and positioned it as to keep it out of her way had she the ability to toss in her sleep.

It didn't take superhuman abilities to see the signs of a loving parent, hell a first year fresh out of their first profiling class could have told Jack that.

He folded up the papers and took to looking around the room. It was obvious from the decorations that this was her childhood bedroom; they likely lived here since she was quite young and was raised here until a tender college goer age, from the paper hers turned out to be 19.

Fluffly springtime wallpaper mingled horribly with photos of Elise with her soccer team in high school as well as a dream board with elementary ribbons and cut outs of objectively cute boys with sharpie hearts over their eyes.

Jack decided now was a good time to barge in on him, Will's fingers caressing the edge of her dresser when the door flipped open. He always gave him as long as he needed to absorb the facts and Will would have wondered if he had spent too long thinking of the shadow, but the sobbing of the father quickly threw that to the curb.

"I'm-…" the father started as he caught Will's blues for a split second, pausing and breathing in a deep breath before sliding past Jack. "I just don't think you'll find anything the other guys hadn't... We gave you an hour, I think its time for you to go alright. Now. Go now."

Jack seemed ready to continue protesting, but Will cut in before he could make a complete ass of himself. "I got everything I need. We really appreciate the time." The look he received from both of them seemed bewildered, although the father was the first to nod in defeat, motioning to the door before crumbling at the end of the bed. When Will moved to exit the room he caught some spoiled smell on the barren mattress.

He didn't even try to care enough to give the stoic mother his attention as his mind pieced together the rest of his profile- he almost had a clear view of the kill by the time they were on the way to the station.

-

Having finally settled back into his crusty hotel bed, he let his mind wander to the rest of the day. He knew he had caught a scent off the girl's bed and with a quick call to the coroner they found the girl had cancer. Apparently, it had gone unnoticed and hadn't been documented in any medical records. Her parents were given a quick call to confirm the fact that, no, no one knew she was sick. Without needing a closer inspection of the body, the autopsy confirmed that had she not been murdered she would have died within the next two years maximum had she continued to have gone untreated. What little roundness her body had was attributed to the grapefruit sized tumor, hidden expertly under her well-kept frame. Her weekly work out at the gym and friendly soccer matches between friends probably lead her to misinterpret the hardness for fitness.

Having arrived so late in the day he had been dismissed after giving his quick profile to Jack.

"He couldn't honor her Jack, not in the way he wanted to. She was tainted from what he had in mind"

"He felt bad because of her cancer?"

Will had been looking resolutely at the new tires on the rental he had ordered. "He's looking for copies- with something like this wrong with her… She was no longer a fitting match for his descriptor, she went from prey to a little girl suffering from cancer. He probably felt regrettable for what he had done, tucking her back into bed for her parents was the least he could do."

Jack had scoffed, “Right, the sensitive psychopath.”

Jack had been understandably impacted by the news of the girl’s cancer, probably the reason why they weren’t working into the night. He could imagine him now, sitting on his own hotel bed downstairs with his phone in hand struggling to call Bella. The two of them had always understood not meddling between work and their marriage and that’s what Jack should be focusing on now, undoubtedly Bella wouldn’t have appreciated being pitied. The separation was probably hard on him, but Will figured it would do him good.

“see?”

Will gave a sigh, closing his eyes before looking to the wall beside his bed.

The echo was getting more consistent and he wondered who was whispering in his ear.

Chapter End Notes

Okay so I need an opinion- how do yall feel about kidnapping for a short period? I got caught up in a couple of those kinda fics and im obsessed omfg

In other news I kinda know how I wanna proceed >.>'

I may or may not add BDSM elements in the future idek

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

There it was again, he was saying his name, tacking it on at the end. He had been doing it through the whole conversation. Will's eyes slithered to him. "It was wrong of me."

"No need to lie to me, please." Hannibal finally gestured to the seat Will was currently using as a shield, his fingers nipping at the texture with every flex. Without much of a fight, Will took his seat. "Nothing said between us will leave this room."

Chapter Notes

I cannot say how happy I am that these two are together!! FINALLY

I really love the energy we've created in the studio today

(Also couple notes here- firstly AO3 was being funky and got rid of all my spacing so I'm sorry if things aren't spaced or are TOO spaced? //sweats

Also I meant to wait for this to get off the first page of the tag then post but my 'post immediately' turned into 'post one week later' hahah sorry)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Fire crackled ominously in the fireplace in the study. He refused to take a seat even 20 minutes into the visit- keeping his spot by in the area between the large window and the sturdy ladder leading to the second story. The similarities between this and his last visit were not lost on him.

He was told he needed someone to talk to, but it seemed the person he shared the room with was in no hurry to push him. He couldn't feel a stare on his back, and he appreciated it.

"You won't be signing the papers will you." It wasn't a question since Will was pretty sure that he had seen the end of his career with the FBI, even his possibility of returning to his classroom would need some negotiating with his bosses there. He was already planning on how long his savings account could last him until he could find another job.

It was a price he expected to pay after killing someone.

What he didn't expect was Hannibal's full attention when he risked a glance. "I'd already signed your release papers before you walked in the door."

That garnered a shocking noise to erupt from his throat, eyebrows struggling not to climb to his hairline. "You already signed them? You hadn't even talked to me yet."

"And I hadn't expected to, though I was hoping with them out of the picture we might start a conversation."

"Conversation?" Will parroted back.

"Yes, after two visits I was hoping we'd finally be able to hold one." The doctor tried to hold eye contact but after a moment Will folded. "William, I know you are perfectly in control of your actions. All that's left is the matter of perception. You felt the need to pull the trigger, I feel you were in your right mind to do so." He shifted to focus his attention to wipe a nonexistent piece of dust off his perfectly crossed legs, for some reason it riled Will to no end.

He abandoned his post to stand behind the chair he was meant to take, effectively keeping the leather between him and the therapist. "Perception is a tool that's pointed at both ends, Dr. Lector. I shot Garret Jacob Hobbs with a full clip from my gun and you think that's up for perception? I certainly don't think Jack thinks so if he sent me here."

-

Within the stack of papers, Will picked out a single page that lead them to a one Garret J. Hobbs. He hadn't listed an address and although the deputes couldn't understand it, that was the lead Will told them to follow. Within the day they had called his work, found him having gone missing for hours during his shift and from there they had traced him back to a plot of land. Admittedly it was owned by his father, long passed now and the deed up in limbo. Will was on scene first, Jack having not trusted his hunch at the time and figured his efforts were best placed with cameras on the college campus as well as interviewing heartbroken friends. It was unfortunate since Will would have liked to have seen his face the moment the little cabin came into view.

Will had the chance to roam the property freely in his absence. Taking the chance to haunt the perimeter in the off chance the suspect was here- upon inspection he was in fact alone. The lock to the front door wasn't done up though it hadn't shocked him all that much at the time. Predators usually felt safest when they felt they were the top of the food chain, with that in mind anyone who dared enter their den was usually prey. Will himself fell into this stereotype from time to time. He found the parallels easily between this cabin and his home in Wolf Trap. He figured Hobbs made several trips here, possibly daily.

His sharp eyes skirted across the main floor. For all intense and purposes, this place was far form abandoned no matter what the peeling paint said. It had all the means necessary for a hunter's hideaway. There were large tables suited for large game, buckets sat off to the sides, used and abused with hints of what he knew better than to be rust staining their edges. The windows were propped open and below him he could feel the signs of an underground storage. For the normal person it would be fitting to put the deer meat there until they moved it back home but even without looking, he could tell venison would be the furthest piece of meat to have graced that cellar in years.

Ascending to the upper level, the hair on his arms started to rise.

The upper level was a single room, no furniture in sight but in its place was antlers. They hung from the ceiling, bolted to the walls and some even rested on the floorboards where there took up the last of the room. The only space left was a moderate pathway that leady to the largest set in the room. They were clean and well dusted except for the brown stains running from its tips. Needless to say, Will didn't have to very hard to convince Jack to send the cavalry.

While the forensics team was busy collecting hair and blood samples, Will was busy looking out the window. While the antlers had been damning, his mind was the furthest from this case than it had since he landed here. While waiting for everyone to arrive he had found marks etched in blood around the edges of the room, a pattern here, a sigil there, tucked precariously behind antlers and while he found them unrecognizable, his gut tugged at him with familiarity. While his heart tripped to the tune of Wendigo, his brain fussed with the fact he had gone his whole life not seeing a single one, then within the last few months he might have possibly been connected with two.

It felt wrong and he did all he could by simply not scrubbing the spots clean before Jack could appear.

While covering up evidence didn't bother him as much as it should, he found it as a personal victory not to disturb it. They had nothing to do with him and his visitor and everything to do with Hobbs.

-

"The devil is in the details, William."

"The details were that I shot him beyond death."

"How did it make you feel?"

"Really reaching for the low hanging branch there, Doctor." He huffed and turned his head away to face the window again. He had originally planned on standing in his corner until the good Doctor told him their time was up or, considering this was an emergency meeting set up by Jack late on a Saturday where he assumed Dr. Lecter didn't usually take patents, say that he was wasting his time. Just being here had put Will's hackles up. He never forgot anything and the last thing he remembered of this place was the stupid floor.

It still bothered him.

"It a simple question, I don't plan on picking your brain merely giving you space to explain yourself."

He huffed but offered no response, deciding to let the conversation lull for a moment as he thought on it. Without the weight of the release papers hanging on his shoulders he was put in an odd position.

-

Long after the crew dispersed, Will had returned to the cabin. Even after all the windows had been closed and the floors had been disturbed with the analytics, Will could still faintly smell the death that hung in this place. The souls were long gone which was a blessing, but he imagined anyone who were sensitive to these kinds of things would catch the smell to the wood long after this place was sold, broken down then repurposed. So many endings happened here it left very little room for anything else to attach. Idly Will wondered if there

were creatures who had the opposite powers of him. Was there anyone who could smell happiness and long life? He was almost shocked with himself for sparing the thought.

He wandered the place again, hands gliding over the fingerprint dusted tables and eye catching on the outlines where they suspected Hobb's knives to have been kept. In the end they hadn't found any evidence that would specifically place Hobb's here other than the fact that this address was connected to him.

He didn't linger on the first floor longer than the quick pass through, instead reaching the second floor to ogle the markings again. The longer he looked at them the more his insides said they were important.

Will settled in the middle of the floor, closing his eyes before taking a deep breath. He was missing something he had been adamant on avoiding looking at.

So with new eyes, he allowed himself to really look.

He wasn't just honoring the girls- yes that was his code but not his agenda. Oh he was hungry, there was someone he wanted to love but he was stuck between the beastly nature he wanted to indulge in and his willingness to keep them alive forever. Coddle and obsess over.

Suddenly the phrase Jack had used when presenting this case to Will made him hum: "No bodies, no parts of bodies, nothing that comes out of bodies. Nothing."

He was eating them.

His mind dug up the articles on the wendigo once more, but by then he was already racing out the door..

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He hadn't been able to make it up the driveway. By the time his door had opened he knew someone was already dead and he could feel smoke bubbling up his throat before he could

help it. He resolutely slammed the door again and sat with his head on his steering wheel, AC full blast trying to overcome his own skin.

The death at his home had caught him off guard in much the same way, though on his own territory he couldn't help but flip the switch. It was ingrained in him to be territorial so it was as fast as closing his eyes and falling into a dream. As a cop he had of course come across a case or two where a fresh body was involved, back then he had used his weak stomach as an excuse; he kept his distance and was left to heave in the car in peace. Now though, with screaming in the distance and the shimmer overcoming his eyes he was stuck in the situation of having a live girl needing help and he was the only one here.

Backup would take at least another 15 minutes and he doubted Hobb's would make her suffer after all this.

With a willpower of steel Will managed to stumble from his car.

He couldn't go up the front what with the mother's corpse taking up space but with a wide girth he had found the back door pretty easily, using trees as leverage to keep him on his feet as he made his way there. When it came down too it, he had mustered up the courage to kick down the door with strength he could pass off as adrenaline later on. Sitting in the corner of the kitchen, knife pulled to the side in the aftermath of a slash sat Hobbs- in his arms Abigail Hobbs stuttered and garbled in her own blood, the last shocks of her life causing her limbs to jump in spurts. He could see her clinging to his arm, eyes glassy, his own eyes glued to her form like it was the most interesting thing in the world.

When Hobb made eye contact he smiled, eyes raking up Will's form in praise. "It- it would have never worked. But there it is, this is it, isn't it?"

Will didn't trust his mouth to open and not let out a howl, keeping the smoke down was fruitless in itself under the pressure of keeping his bones in their places, his knees almost buckled once again. That being said the fog was everywhere, the longer he stood the more it covered the kitchen floor, his lungs choking on it with every heave out his nose.

Hobbs stared at him with a glimmer in his eyes, praise on his tongue and his fingers shaking with anticipation.

When Will raised his gun the glimmer still showed, Hobbs laughing in his little blood puddle. "You can see can't you? See?"

And that was it wasn't it?

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"He thought he was becoming something." He said after a long while. "He did all that because he couldn't stand the thought that his life was so mundane."

"Did he really?"

"He wanted to be able to cherish Abigail, but he couldn't stop the feeling that she was the key to changing things. I'm sure he loved his daughter in the only way he knew how."

"Unfortunate for her, it would seem."

"Yes, unfortunate."

"Did it feel unfortunate to put an end to it, William?"

There it was again, he was saying his name, tacking it on at the end. He had been doing it through the whole conversation. Will's eyes slithered to him. "It was wrong of me." In more ways than one. Firstly, he shouldn't have ever gotten out of the car. She was going to die regardless.

"No need to lie to me, please." Hannibal finally gestured to the seat Will was currently using as a shield, his fingers nipping at the texture with every flex. Without much of a fight, Will took his seat. "Nothing said between us will leave this room."

"I don't need a therapist, Doctor."

“Then I won’t be, this is just a conversation, should you find benefits from it then feel free to look at it as a bonus.” His arms slid forward, elbows resting comfortably on his knees, eyes burning in his direction.

Will adverted his eyes, the staring contest was becoming too much for him. His blues decided to look back to the large window again. It was dark outside so he couldn’t see much besides the road and the glare coming from the streetlamps on the curb. In this neighborhood they looked like little columns. “I saw too much this time, it stuck to me I suppose. Long before I saw Hobbs.” It was true, the voice had followed him for months before he had been presented with the case. It was the first time he had sensed a death from so far away so soon before it happened. Hell, it was the first time he was the one to kill it himself. “It felt… Righteous to be rid of it. In that aspect I don’t regret it.”

Since being back he hadn’t slept so soundly.

“Killing must feel righteous to God too.”

“What a mighty way of putting it. Please don’t put me on a pedestal for my sake, Dr. Lecter.”

“Hannibal, no need for formalities here.”

“I like the formalities, if that’s fine for you.”

“Another wall for your fort? God forbid we become friendly.” He sensed a small smile grace his lips but when Will glanced back it was gone, back against his chair while he closed his eyes. He looked very serene. So very much in control. When he opened them a few minutes later they held a warmness that almost shocked Will, having not been on the other side of a look like that in a long time. He hardly knew what to make of it.

Hannibal gracefully glanced to his watch, finally a clock he could identify, and Will quickly wondered where the time went and how much of it slipped away since they started talking.

“If you wouldn’t mind, it is particularly late on a Saturday evening, I had been planning a special dinner tonight if you would like to continue this conversation at my home.”

“A tad bit unethical wouldn’t you say?”

He took this moment to stand, buttoning his suit jacket as he did so. “I would think not. We were just having a conversation, weren’t we?”

A retort was tipping on the edge of his tongue, the little game they had played coming back to nip him in the butt. “I guess we were. Unfortunately, I not very good company, I’m sure after a few minutes you would regret inviting me into your house.”

“As I said before, dear William, do not lie to me.”

Chapter End Notes

I cannot tell you how funny I found all those "I don't mind kidnapping" comments xD

Literally all of you were up for it but then shortly followed your comments with "woah I never thought I'd say that"- I love you so much wowie you're the best haha

So yeah I may or may not add "kidnapping" or "possible kidnapping" to the tags >.>

I haven't started the next chapter and I work Sunday-Thursday so it might be a week or so before I can get to posting or even editing it so see you soon! If you have any tips or suggestions hit me up with a comment!

As always I'm @Chemicalclowns on Twitter <3

End Notes

Okay on the topic of Will, I based him off of both the Barghest and Cù-sìth! I didn't want a typical werewolf but I also still wanted something dog-ish so I scrolled through wiki until I found something I liked lolll

They're both from UK legend I believe but it's been a while since I had to double check anything since I haven't written anything more on this fic in a few months- but I highly recommend looking them up since they are so freakin cool guys wowie

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If I'm being honest I was never a fan of the working title I wrote for this so if you have any ideas for a better one then hit me with you best shot pals

Also I have a good number of chapters lined up so don't worry if you turn out to wanna read a little more!

I'm Chemicalclowns on Twitter!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!